

Sec. Van Amman

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ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

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THE LADY OF TEARS.

Through valley, and hamlet, and city,
Wherever humanity dwells,
With a heart full of infinite pity,
A heart that with sympathy swells,
She walks, in her beauty immortal—
Each household groves sad as she nears,
But she crosses at length every portal,
The mystical Lady of Tears.

If never this vision of sorrow
Has shadowed your life in the past,
You will meet her I know, serve to-morrow,
She visits all heartstones at last,
To house and cottage and palace,
To servant and king, she appears,
And offers the gall of her chalice—
The unwept Lady of Tears.

To the eyes that have smiled but in gladness
To the souls that have basked in the sun,
She seems in her garments of sadness,
A creature to dread and to shun,
And lips that have drunk but of pleasure,
Grow pallid and tremble with fears,
As she pours out the gall from her measure,
The terrible Lady of Tears.

But in midnight, lone hearts that are aching
With the agonized numbness of grief,
Are saved from the torture of weeping
By her bitter-sweet draught of relief,
O, then do all graces unfold her,
Like a goddess she looks and she appears,
And the eyes overflow that behold her,
The beautiful Lady of Tears.

Though she turns to lamenting all laughter
Though she gives us despair for delight;
Life holds a new meaning thereafter
For those who drink her at night,
She stretches out her hands to each other,
For sorrow smiles and endears,
The children of our tender mother—
The sweet blessed Lady of Tears.

SOLITUDE.
Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But it borrows of you alone.

Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, and it is lost on the air;
The echoes build up and you are rejoicing,
But are slow to voice your care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are those whose hands are stretched out to you,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls will be crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.

There is room in the land of pleasure
For a large and lordly train;
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—[Ella Wheeler.]

NOT A DRY LOVE AFFAIR.

Old Estmore owned a valley farm,
Through which wiggled a restless stream.
From the dining-room window you could
See the perch gleam as they turned their
golden sides and caught the rays of the
sun, and at the foot of the garden you
could, in summer, always see the mock-
ing-bird and the smart little wren that
came down to dip their bill in the
limpid stream.

Tom Estmore was a great, strapping
young fellow with a disposition to leave
the steers standing under the apple tree
while he went down to the creek bank
to throw stones at the frogs that per-
sisted in calling "jug o' rum," "raw,
raw," and "come over." When he
saw the old man, though, the industrial
side of his nature, which, however, did
not gleam like the side of a perch, was
shown; for, after making a pretense of
taking a drink of water, he would hurry
back to the field and gee-haw his sul-
len companions of toil.

Minnie Estmore was a bright-eyed girl
with a face as fresh as a baby's kiss.
She was none too fond of handling the
churn-dasher, and when Tom stole to
the house, which he often did, she
romped with him, always keeping a
sharp lookout for the old gentleman.

"I think it is a shame that anybody
has to work this bright day," Tom said
one day when he stepped into the house,
seized a piece of bread and spread it
with fresh butter which he dipped from
Minnie's churn.

"Tom, you goose, that butter is not
salted," said Minnie.

"Neither is the milk," he replied,
"but we drink it. Where's the old gen-
tleman?"

"Come over to Anderson's."

"Believe he wants to marry that
widow, don't you?"

"No, you foolish thing. He thought
too much of mamma, ever to marry
again. What have you been doing in
the field?"

"Scraping cotton. Have just finished
the patch to the right of the turn row.
Say, suppose we drop everything and go
fishing?"

"Papa might come home."

"Suppose he does. Hang it, I'm
tired fooling around with corn and
cotton."

"All right, we'll go. Wait till I wash
the churn."

They went to the creek, after having
turned over the doorstep and dug under
it in search of worms, and the broad
hearty laughter of Tom, and the rippling
cajonnades of the girl made merrier
the beautiful scene. Seated on the
grass, under an elm tree, they threw in
their lines, and sat with that electrical
expectancy which an angler is from
time to time thrilled. The long-legged
skipper skimmed the blue surface of
the pool; the "dollar bug" dodged around
like a streak of blue; the hard-shell
crawfish, with extended pincers, touched
the bank with his antennae, then shot
backward into the water and disap-
peared, it seemed in the sky.

"You've got a bite, Minnie. Hold on!
Wait till he sinks your cork."

"Tom, you are as mean as a dog,"
He had, with a pretense of non-inten-
tion, moved his line in the immediate
vicinity of Minnie's nibble. "I wouldn't
treat a dog that way."

"Which way?"

"Try to take a fish away from him."

"Neither would I, for I wouldn't have
a dog-fish, you know."

"You think you're awful smart. I
suppose you'd have a catfish, wouldn't
you?"

"Hi, you've got him. Pull him out!
Jerk him. Thunderation, he's gone."

"It was your fault," with a disap-

pointed pout. "You scared him till he
wouldn't take a good hold."

"No, I didn't. If I had scared him
he wouldn't have taken hold at all."

"Oh, you are so smart."

"Hold on, he's after me, now. Keep
still. Hi, yah!" and he pulled out a
goggled-eyed perch, but as he reached
out to seize it, the fish gave a bound,
fell back, and darted away.

"Now you've done it," said Tom.

"Done what?"

"Caused that whale to get away."

"I had nothing to do with it."

"Yes you did. You stepped over my
pole just now."

"I hope you are not that superstiti-
ous. Yonder comes John Harvey."

"I reckon you are glad of it," replied
Tom, with an air of disappointment.

She did not reply, but arising, greeted
John Harvey with a smile and hearty
shake of the hand.

"What luck, little girl?" Harvey
asked.

"Both of us caught fishes but they
jumped back."

"That was bad. Tom, how's your
cotton?"

"So-so," bailing his hook.

At a time they were silent, intently
watching the red floats—that is, all but
Harvey, who watched the beautiful red
on the girl's cheek.

"Tom," Harvey at length said, "if
your fishing is tiresome—that is, if you
have any business on hand, I'll relieve
you of the rod."

"By George, you are cool," Tom re-
plied. "If you have any business on
hand we will relieve you of sentinel
duty."

Harvey laughed and said: "Tom
don't say 'we.' Perhaps Minnie does
not agree with you."

"Yes, she does. Don't you, Min?"

"I declare you men are too foolish for
anything. You may both do as you
please."

"I like Tom first rate," Harvey said,
"but I think he hangs around you too
closely."

"It's none of your look out if I do."

"Oh, yes, it is. Suppose Minnie and
I were in love with each other. You
would never give us a chance to say
anything."

"In love with each other!" repeated
Tom contemptuously. "She couldn't
love such a looking specimen as you
are."

"Yes, she could. Couldn't you, Min-
nie?"

"I'm going home if you people don't
hush."

"Tom, your father's calling you,"
said Harvey.

"No, he isn't."

"But he will if you don't go home."

"Look here, it's none of your busi-
ness."

"Yes, it is, for I want to tell this lit-
tle girl how much I love her."

"Minnie, did you ever see such a fool?"

"Don't ask me," the girl replied, hid-
ing her face. Harvey approached her
and took her hand.

"Min, make that fool turn loose your
hand. I'll tell pap, blamed if I don't.
Well, I will be told, blamed," as Harvey
kissed the girl. "That does settle it."

"Minnie," placing his arm around her
waist, "I have loved you ever since
you were a child. I want you to be
my—"

The bank scrambled, and "our chug"
he lunged into the creek.

Tom shouted. He fell on the ground
and whooped. He rolled on the grass
and yelled. The girl could not repress
her glee, and clapping her hands she
laughed under the tears wet her long
lashes. Harvey scrambled out, and
joined in the laugh.

"Nobody can say that this is a dry
love affair, eh, Tom?" and Harvey took
off his coat and spread it over a bush.

"Say Harvey," called Tom. "I have
known all the time that she was in love
with you."

"Why, Tom, ain't you ashamed of
yourself to tell such a big story?"

"There comes pap," exclaimed Tom.

"Now we'll catch it."

Old man Estmore came up, and after
exchanging greetings with Harvey,
turned to Tom and said:

"Why ain't you scrapin' that cotton?"

"Because I'm here, I reckon."

"So I see; but why are you here?"

"Because I'm not scraping cotton, I
reckon."

"Hello, Harvey, you seem to have
been swimming with your clothes on."

"Yes, I fell in just now," looking ap-
pealingly at Tom.

"You needn't think that I am going
to say anything about it."

"About what?" asked the old man.

"Why you see," Tom said, regardless
of Minnie's imploring gestures, "Har-
vey made love to Min just now—"

"Tom!"

"And while he had his arm—"

"Oh, Tom!"

"Arm around her waist, the bank
gave way and in he went."

The girl burst into tears and Harvey,
as Tom afterwards expressed it, stood
with his head hung down like a sheep-
killing dog.

"Don't cry, Min," said the old man.

"Harvey is a clever feller, and will
make you a good husband. There you
needn't hang on to me."

The marriage was quiet, but as bright
as the perch which you can see at Est-
more's window and see, gleaming as
they turn up their sides of gold to catch
the sun's rays.

Prince Yamashina, of Japan, who was
injured by a railroad accident in New
York last week, wears American clothes
of the latest cut; but his complexion,
described as "a compromise between
old gold and a brass kettle," betrays his
nationality.

A man in a prominent Providence
hotel spent the good part of an hour
shouting for ice-water through the
knob of the electric bell.

THE WRONG SCARECROW.

However much nerve a young man
most possess before he can ask a young
lady to become his wife, it certainly re-
quires more for him to work himself up
to that pitch where he can unblushingly
ask her father for his consent in the
matter. One night last summer Bagby
was drawing near the abode of his
affianced when he saw her father in the
yard. What better opportunity could
ever present itself? With a trembling
step and a giddy brain he approached to
within ten feet of where the old gen-
tleman was seated, and gasped: "Please,
sir." The person addressed made no
response. If a force-pump of forty-
horse power had been injecting blood
into his head it could not have been
worse. He moved forward about two
inches. "Please, sir," he said. "This
was as far as he got, for his tongue seem-
ed to be as thick as an Arctic over-
seer. The old gentleman did not seem to
move a muscle. Bagby moistened his fever-
ish lips with his tongue, and then be-
gan where he left off: "I love you—"
He could proceed no farther. Compos-
ing himself a little, with a desperate
effort he began at the beginning:
"Please, sir, I love your daughter,
and—"

This was about one-third of
what he had to say but it seemed far
less, there was so much remaining. It
was now getting quite dark. The old
gentleman's indifference made Bagby
more desperate, and he determined to
finish what he had to say, come life or
death. "Please, sir, I love your
daughter, and I wish to make her my
wife. Do you give your consent?" And
with the question he rushed forward
and flung himself on his knees before
the old gentleman. Just then came a
gust of wind, and the old gentleman,
which proved to be a scarecrow placed
there to frighten the robins, fell over on
Bagby and tipped him into the mud.
Bagby is still unmarried.

THE TURNIP FOR FEEDING PURPOSES.

It is well known to those who are
conversant with agricultural affairs that
the recuperation of the soil and prosper-
ity of the farmers of Great Britain,
which commenced in the early part of
the present century, was promoted
mainly by the introduction of the sheep
industry, combined with the use of bone-
dust and the cultivation of the turnip
for feeding purposes. The effects of
the use of turnips, we believe, were
supposed to be the fattening properties
of that root, but after discussion in a
New York farmers' club this view of the
matter is considered as "incorrect,"
and the general conclusion was that as
a fat-producing feed turnips are almost
without value. Nevertheless, in the
economy of feeding, they play an im-
portant part. It is said by those who
fed them many years, that they gave
increased appetite, and consequently
increased thrift, the cattle with mod-
erate allowance of turnips would eat
more grain and fodder than when de-
prived of the stimulus. It is a little
early to sow a crop of turnips for winter
stock food, but it is well to have the
subject in mind and provide for it. Tur-
nips, as we know, are valuable as a
part of mixed food for stock in winter.
Besides, the crop has this advantage—
if it should prove abundant, it will have
cost a mere nominal sum per bushel to
grow it. If the crop should prove short,
the price is sure to be remunerative in
the family use, and thus pay well.

UNEXPECTEDLY SOLD.

"Do your women customers bother
you much?" asked a citizen who was
talking with a Woodward avenue grocer
the other morning.

"Well, they seldom want to pay the
prices. It seems natural for them to
want to beat down the figures. There
comes now one who probably wants
strawberries. Here are some fresh
ones at fifteen cents per quart, and yet
I should ask her only eleven she'd
want 'em for ten."

"Say, try it on, just for a joke. If
she asks the price put it at eleven."

The grocer agreed, and presently the
woman came up, counted the sixteen
boxes of berries under her nose, and of
course inquired:

"Have you any strawberries this
morning?"

"Yes'm."

"Fresh ones?"

"Yes'm."

"In quart boxes?"

"Yes'm."

"How much?"

"Only eleven cents per box, madam."

"I'll take the whole lot," she quiet-
ly observed as she handed out a five-
dollar bill, and take 'em she did.

The citizen disappeared at that mo-
ment, and the grocer somewhat believes
that it was a put up job between the
two.

MAKING A RAILROAD.

When the war closed, one of the
Georgia railroads hadn't a depot or
freight-house on its line, and its rolling-
stock consisted of two old locomotives
and four flat cars. These couldn't roll
until new ties and rails were laid, and
the outlook was dubious enough. How-
ever, the president called a meeting of
the board to see what could be done.
When he had stated the condition of
the track and equipment, he added that
the company hadn't a dollar in cash, and no
collateral to borrow money on. He
then asked what should be done.

"I move we declare a dividend of 10
per cent.," boldly replied one of the
directors.

It was a thunderclap which knocked
'em all down; but he followed it up by
offering to loan the company \$32,000 to
make the dividend, and a dividend was
declared on. The stock at once leaped
from 34 to 90 cents, and in a year it
was held at 108 and paying dividends
on that.—[Wall Street Daily News.]

BORROWED WIT.

To St. Stephen's Church, I rather day,
A forlorn little rat came to pray.
But "los dimes" with a scream
Put an end to that dream.
And the sexton cried "Shoo! get away."

Yes, 'tis true 'no pence just now, (?)
Nor many great failures or fires (?)
But do you remember a time when the country
Was fuller than now of liars?

On this point we are not well informed;
It depends upon where you reside.
As for lying—well now, the truth we will tell
you—
The fact is, we have never tried.

In Paris there lives an old wizard,
With a smile like a crack in a gizzard;
He's a terrible bore,
And he sleeps with a snore
That's a cross 'twixt a grunt and a blizzard;

A Paris young man, called a dudo,
Successfully courted and wooed
A Terre Haute maiden
Whose pockets were laden
With money to buy him brain food.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleas were snowy white,
And every time that lamb would move
The fleas were sure to bite.

Played out—Baseball.
Run jokes—Police cells.
Time untold waits for no man.
A goat waits but little here below.
There are too many voters "for revo-
lution only."

The prohibition candidate is the polit-
ical juggler not.

A wise man never says "By-by" to his
wife if he thinks she is going shopping.

The latest Cincinnati song is "My
Boy, Where is Your Father To-night?"
"Do take some more of the vegetables,
Mr. Blood, for they go to the pigs any-
way."

St. Louis has missed all the conven-
tions, and now retaliates by getting up
a dog show.

An Ohio girl with forty-eight toes was
born recently. She ought to make a good
all-toe singer.

The young lady from Vassar does not
speak of a clammy sweat, but of a biva-
lular transpiration.

A Cleveland street railroad has two
thousand five hundred passes out of
which it intends to call.

"Don't give it a weigh," said the coal
dealer to his clerk, as he drove out of
the yard with a light ton.

"I drop into poetry occasionally," as
the office boy remarked when he tum-
bled into the waste basket.

Spooking is regarded as very silly,
but after all it is the spoon that makes
the greatest stir in the world.

Hens may be a little backward on
eggs they never fail to come to the
scratch where flower beds are concerned.

"Enough" is the title of a poem now
going the rounds of the press. We are
ready to agree with the author without
reading it.

Fort Wayne is a temperance town.
Three saloon-keepers and a doctor com-
pose the town board. The doctor keeps
a drug store.

"But how do you get along? You say
you don't pay expenses?" "I don't, and
that's why I get along so well. I make
my customers pay them."

"There are 75,865 idiots in this coun-
try,"